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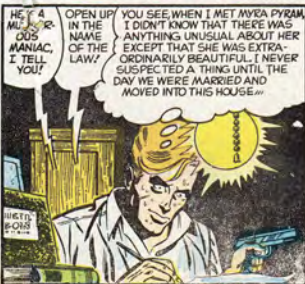
**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

DEAD ON ARRIVAL

WELCOME TO MY CANDLE-LIGHTED DEN ONCE MORE, FRIENDS. FREDDIE DEMON, VICTOR VAMPIRE, GARRY GHoul, AND I, OF COURSE, YOUR TELLER OF TALES... ARE GATHERED HERE AGAIN TO MAKE YOUR SKIN CRAWL AND YOUR HAIR STAND ON END WITH OUR TERRIFICALLY HORRIFIC TALES OF TERROR! LET'S BEGIN WITH ONE OF MY OWN FAVORITES, WHICH I CALL... **DEAD ON ARRIVAL!**



OUR STORY BEGINS AS JOHN SANDERS, AN ORDINARY MAN LIKE YOU OR YOUR NEIGHBOR, SITS WRITING IN A DUSTY ATTIC--WHILE THE POLICE POUND ON THE LOCKED DOOR...



DON'T STAY SKINNY!

**Amazing New Easy Way Quickly
Puts Appealing Pounds and Inches on
Your SKINNY Body, Chest, Arms, Legs!**

**NOT A MEDICINE! NOT JUST VITAMINS!
BUT A BRAND NEW CONCENTRATED FOOD
WITH EASY TO DIGEST WONDER CALORIES**

You, too, can start putting weight on the first day with the POUNDS PLUS plan! Thousands now gain who never thought they could with this amazing discovery of medical science. You gain 2, 4, as much as 7 pounds in a week, until you reach the weight that most becomes you . . . so quickly, it's a cinch. Scrawny figures gain pounds and inches of firm, attractive flesh on body, chest, arms, legs, thighs, ankles. Cheeks and neck fill out . . . wherever you need it.

POUNDS PLUS is entirely safe, no drugs, no fish oils . . . is not merely vitamins . . . Instead it's a delicious pleasant-tasting tablet jam-packed with wonder calories . . . a secret new concentrated food formula that also aids digestion, starts putting weight on the very first day. POUNDS PLUS plan also stimulates the appetite, supplies quick pep and energy, the magic glow of health . . . for men, women, children, convalescents. Don't be skinny, underweight or pepleps. Mail the coupon today!

Easy Weight Gains of 7 Pounds in 7 Days Reported

FAMILY DOCTORS—

Your recommendation is welcome.

Write for professional samples.

**SEND NO MONEY
TEST AT OUR RISK**

—MAIL THIS NO-RISK COUPON TODAY!—

Pounds Plus Company, Dept. 133 Box 820, New York 17, N. Y.

Send one Package of POUNDS PLUS. I'll pay \$2.98 plus C.O.D. postage on arrival on guarantee that if I am not satisfied with weight gained, I may return the empty package for a full refund. (Cash orders mailed postage prepaid.)

- ☐ Put X here if you want 3 for \$6.00.
- ☐ I enclose payment. You stand charges.
- ☐ Send C.O.D., I will pay postal charges.

NAME..... ADDRESS..... CITY..... STATE.....

AND THEN I GOT MY FIRST SURPRISE!!!



WELL, THE ATTIC WOULD GIVE YOU PRIVACY, IF YOU NEED... A MUMMY CASE, OF ALL THINGS!

FINE. TAKE IT UPSTAIRS FELLOWS. COME ALONG, JOHN, SO WE CAN DECIDE WHERE TO PUT IT IN THE ATTIC.



AND SO...



I TRIED TO GIVE MYRA PRIVACY TO DO HER STUDYING, BUT AS THE DAYS PASSED SHE SPENT MORE AND MORE TIME IN HER ATTIC ROOM. FINALLY, CURIOUS AND A BIT JEALOUS, I CLIMBED THE STAIRS ONE DAY...

I COULD HEAR HER CHANTING IN SOME STRANGE TONGUE AS I APPROACHED. THE SOUND OF IT MADE ME NERVOUS AND UNEASY...



AND AS I ENTERED THE ATTIC, MY FEELINGS TURNED TO DEFINITE FEAR! THERE WAS SOMETHING BESIDES MYRA THERE. SOMETHING VAGUE AND TERRIBLE...



DON'T, JOHN! GO AWAY AND LEAVE ME... OHHHH!

GIVE ME THAT AND STOP WHATEVER YOU'RE DOING, RIGHT NOW!



HOW DARE YOU INTERRUPT ME? AND JUST WHEN I WAS BEGINNING TO BREAK THE BARRIER...HOW DARE YOU??

I'M SORRY, DARLING. BUT I GOT THE CRAZY FEELING THAT THERE WAS SOME...SOME EVIL THING IN THIS ROOM! I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU SO ANGRY...

OH, JOHN, I'M SORRY TOO! I'M NOT ANGRY. I GUESS I JUST GOT SO INVOLVED IN MY STUDIES THAT I DIDN'T EVEN KNOW WHERE I WAS. FORGIVE ME?

ALWAYS, MY LOVE. BUT... I WISH YOU'D... WELL SHALL WE SAY STICK TO THE SIMPLER ELEMENTS OF YOUR HOBBY? YOU FRIGHTENED ME, YOU KNOW.

ALRIGHT, DARLING. WHATEVER YOU SAY, I PROMISE.



BUT I WAS TO LEARN THAT MYRA'S PROMISES MEANT NOTHING! BEFORE A WEEK HAD PASSED I HEARD THAT EERIE CHANT AGAIN. I RAN TO THE ALTAR...



AND THIS TIME!!

MYRA, YOU PROMISED NOT TO...

HUSH, HUSH! LOOK, JOHN... I'VE DONE IT!



GOOD LORD, IT MOVED! IT... IT'S ALIVE!

RETURN, RETURN TO LIFE, OH PRINCE OF ANCIENT EGYPT! I HAVE READ THE BLACK WORDS OF THEE...



SO THE POWER IS IN THIS PARCHMENT, IS IT? THEN I'LL DESTROY IT...

HA HA HA! DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND YOU FOOL? I'VE DONE IT...



THERE, AND LOOK, THAT THING HAS CRUMBLLED TO DUST!

WHAT OF IT? NOW I KNOW THE SECRET OF RAISING THE DEAD, BE THEY MEN OR GODS... AND I AM READY TO RAISE THE GREATEST OF ALL EGYPT'S GODS, **ANUBIS!**



ANUBIS, THE JACKAL-HEADED GOD? YOU'RE JOKING, MYRA! AND EVEN IF YOU AREN'T... WHY, ANUBIS WAS THE MOST DREADED, THE MOST EVIL OF THEM ALL!

AND THE MOST POWERFUL! I SHALL WAKE HIM FROM HIS CENTURIES OF SLEEP, AND HE SHALL RULE THE WORLD! AND I, PRIESTESS AND DESCENDANT OF PRIESTESSES, SHALL BE HIS QUEEN!



MYRA! WHY, IF IT REALLY WERE POSSIBLE, ANUBIS WOULD ENSLAVE THE WORLD IN A NIGHTMARE OF HORROR!



WHO CARES? I THINK OF THE POWER, POWER OF **GODS!** JOIN US, JOHN! WE'LL MAKE YOU SECOND ONLY TO ANUBIS AND TO ME! YOU'LL HELP US HARVEST THE FRUITS OF COMPLETE MASTERY OVER ALL CREATION! LISTEN TO ME!!!

SHE MEANS IT! I DON'T BELIEVE SHE CAN ACTUALLY DO IT... BUT SHE BELIEVES IT!



ALL I HAVE TO DO IS DRAW THE SECRET SYMBOL AROUND ME HERE ON THE FLOOR IN BLOOD. THEN WHEN I REPEAT THE WORDS THAT...

NO, MYRA! NO! I FORBID IT!



I'M ENDING ALL THIS RIGHT NOW! I'M GOING TO LOCK THIS ATTIC DOOR AND NEVER ALLOW YOU IN HERE AGAIN!

ALLOW ME, ME, A PRIESTESS OF EGYPT? HA HA! ALRIGHT THEN, YOU SHALL BE A SLAVE LIKE ALL THE REST, WHEN I AWAKEN ANUBIS!



THE NEXT DAY I STARTED CARRYING A GUN, FOR THE FEELING OF COMFORT IT GAVE ME, AND I DECIDED TO SELL THE HOUSE, PERHAPS IN A CITY APARTMENT, CLOSER TO PEOPLE AND ACTIVITY, MYRA MIGHT SHED HER DANGEROUS DELUSIONS, BUT IT WAS NO USE!!!

FOR TODAY, AS I INTERVIEWED A PROSPECTIVE BUYER FOR THE HOUSE...

IT SEEMS TO BE A WELL-BUILT HOUSE, AND... WHY WHAT'S THE MATTER?

THE CHANT, MY WIFE... SHE MUST HAVE BROKEN IN THERE! I TOLD HER NOT TO... I TOLD HER!



A GUN, WHY HE'S GONE CRAZY!

I'LL STOP HER ONCE AND FOR ALL!



HELP, POLICE! MURDER! POLICE!



AND WHEN I REACHED THE ATTIC, MY HEART LEAPED INTO MY THROAT IN PURE HORROR AT THE SIGHT THAT MET MY EYES...

NO, MYRA! NO! YOU CAN'T...



BUT I HAVE JOHN...



I HAVE GIVEN LIFE TO ANUBIS!



DROP THAT FOOL WORK
OF THE DEVIL, AND
SEND THIS THING BACK
TO WHERE IT BELONGS!

TOO LATE, JOHN, TOO LATE! HE
LIVES NOW, BECAUSE OF ME!
THE MANUSCRIPT HAS DONE
ITS WORK! HE LIVES TO DE-
STROY THOSE WHO WOULD
OPPOSE HIM!!!



"AND YOU, JOHN
SHALL BE THE FIRST!
REMOVE HIM, OH LORD
OF THE WORLD!"

NO! STAY AWAY FROM ME, YOU
HELLBORN MONSTER!



IDIOT! YOU CANNOT KILL A GOD WHO IS
ALREADY DEAD FOR CENTURIES! HE LIVES
NOW BECAUSE I WILL HIM TO!!! HE LIVES TO
BECOME KING OF THE UNIVERSE!



"BECAUSE
I WILL HIM
TO!!!
SUDDENLY
I KNEW
WHAT I
HAD TO
DO, WHAT
TERRIBLE
THING I MUST
ACCOMPLISH
TO SAVE THE
WORLD FROM
SOMETHING
INFINITELY
MORE
TERRIBLE
!!!



GOODBYE, MYRA! DON'T, JOHN! PLEASE DON'T!!!
REMEMBER THAT I LOVED YOU
ONCE! AAAHHHHH!

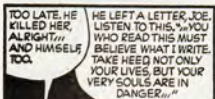
AAAHHHHH!



AND I WAS RIGHT! WITH MYRA'S DEATH, THAT
MONSTROUS HORROR FADED FROM VIEW!!!

YES, MY DARLING, I
LOVED YOU... BUT I
LOVE THE WORLD MORE.





AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER...



JOE, WHETHER THIS IS TRUE OR NOT... IF WE LET THE NEWSPAPERS GET AHOOLD OF IT, EVERY CRACKPOT IN THE COUNTRY WILL BE TRYING TO RAISE THIS HERE ANUBIS FROM THE DEAD! WE'RE JUST GONNA TURN IN A ROUTINE REPORT! GUY KILLED HIS WIFE, COMMITTED SUICIDE... BOTH DEAD ON ARRIVAL!

WELL? WAS THE OFFICER RIGHT? WOULD IT BE BETTER FOR THE WORLD TO KNOW, OR **NOT** TO KNOW? THAT SOMEWHERE THERE MAY BE SOMEONE TRYING TO LOOSE THE GOD OF EVIL, ANUBIS, ON HELPLESS HUMANITY? WHICH WAY DO YOU PREFER IT?!



THE END.

MY STORY TONIGHT IS ONE OF
TERROR, OF A HORRIBLE
THING THAT DRAGGED ITSELF
FROM ITS GRAVE BACK TO THE
LAND OF THE LIVING--AND OF
A BRAVE MAN WHO RISKED
HIS LIFE AND HIS SANITY TO
SAVE THE WOMAN HE LOVED
BY BECOMING A ...

HUMAN CROSS



IT BEGAN ON A DARK CITY STREET
ONE NIGHT, AS YOUNG MRS. BETTY
DAVE RETURNED FROM AN EVENING
OF SEWING WITH SOME FRIENDS
SUDDENLY--



I'LL GET HER MONEY,
MY BOY, THEN WE'LL
EAT WELL FER A DAY
OR TWO! I'LL TAKE
THE MONEY AN'
WE'LL SCOOT
FER HOME!

SHE'S PURTY
MA! LET'S
TAKE HER
HOME, TOO!



BUT BETTY WAS A PLUCKY GIRL. SHE THOUGHT SHE WAS ABOUT TO BE MURDERED, AND SHE WASN'T ONE TO DIE WITHOUT A FIGHT, SO---



AND A MOMENT LATER---



LATER THAT NIGHT, AS BETTY TALKED TO HER HUSBAND, BOB---



AND SO, NEXT DAY IN THE COUNTRY--



MY, IT'S NICE TO HAVE COMPANY IN THE OFF-SEASON LIKE THIS-- BUT GOODNESS, DEARIE, YOU DO LOOK PEAKED! ARE YOU ILL OR--?

SHE-- SHE JUST NEEDS REST, MOTHER JONES. I THINK SHE'D BETTER GO RIGHT UP AND LIE DOWN!

YES, I DO FEEL QUITE TIRED.



MR. BOB--WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS FOR YEARS, AND ANY FOOL CAN SEE THE GIRL IS MORE THAN JUST TIRED! WHY DON'T YOU TELL ME?

OH, IT'S SO RIDICULOUS, MOTHER JONES. BUT ALRIGHT, I'LL TELL YOU. YOU SEE--

MOMENTS LATER--



RIDICULOUS, IS IT? LISTEN, MR. BOB, WE WHO LIVE IN THE COUNTRY KNOW MORE ABOUT SUCH THINGS THAN YOU CITY FOLKS. WHY, I'VE HEARD TALES OF THE WALKING DEAD THAT--OHNNH!

THAT WAS BETTY!!



BETTY! BETTY! WHAT IS IT?

THEY WERE THERE! I OPENED THE WINDOW, AND THEY WERE THERE, STANDING ON THE LAWN-- THE OLD LADY AND HER SON!



NOTHING THERE NOW, DARLING. BUT I'LL BAR THE WINDOW AND CLOSE THOSE HEAVY SHUTTERS, IF YOU FEEL SAFER, BESIDES, IT'S A SHEER DROP--BETTY, ARE YOU SURE YOU WEREN'T DREAMING? YOU'D BETTER TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP!

AN HOUR LATER--



SHE'S ASLEEP NOW, MR. BOB, BUT SHE'S A VERY, VERY SICK GIRL! ANY MORE FRIGTS MIGHT--

THANKS, MOTHER JONES. BUT I GUESS SHE'LL BE ALRIGHT, AFTER ALL, THOSE CREATURES THAT SCARE HER ARE JUST IMAGINARY--



NO THEY'RE NOT, MR. BOB-- BECAUSE I LOOKED OUT THAT WINDOW THERE JUST AFTER BETTY SCREAMED, AND I SAW THOSE BLACK CREATURES MYSELF!

WHAT? OH, NO! MOTHER JONES, YOU CAN'T REALLY MEAN--?

LISTEN TO ME, BOB DANE! YOU CAN CALL ME A CRAZY OLD WOMAN IF YOU LIKE-- BUT YOU AND I ARE ALL THAT'S BETWEEN THAT GIRL AND DEATH! WHY, EVEN THE SIGHT OF THOSE MONSTERS MIGHT KILL HER! NOW, ARE YOU WILLING TO DO SOMETHING, EVEN IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE IN IT, TO SAVE YOUR WIFE?

WHY, OF COURSE I AM, BUT--



A FEW MINUTES LATER, OUTSIDE THE DOOR TO BETTY'S ROOM...

BUT THIS IS CRAZY! A HUMAN CROSS!!

STOP ARGUING, AND LISTEN! SOME OF THEM HAVE THE HELL-POWER TO PASS EVEN A HUMAN CROSS, IF THE PERSON WHO FORMS IT BECOMES AFRAID! REMEMBER, YOU CANNOT LET THEM KNOW YOU'RE AFRAID OR THEY'LL KILL YOU, AND BETTY, TOO!



THE MINUTES TICKED SLOWLY BY, BOB DANE FELT ALTERNATELY AFRAID AND FOOLISH, TILL FINALLY...

THAT TRUMPING SOUND! SOMEONE'S CLIMBING THE STAIRS-- SLOWLY-- ALMOST TO THE TOP--!

THUMP
THUMP



COME ON THEN, WE'VE JUST ENOUGH TIME, THERE'S A FULL MOON IN AN HOUR--AND THEY'RE SURE TO COME THEN! AND NOTHING CAN STOP THEM, NOT BOLTS OR LOCKS-- ONLY YOU AND I AND THE HEAVEN SENT STRENGTH I HOPE IS IN US!

?!!



BUT WHAT ABOUT YOU? I WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP YOU, IF...

I'LL BE HELPING YOU, SON--AND YOU'RE GOING TO NEED HELP! YOU'LL NEED EVERY BIT OF COURAGE AND WILL POWER YOU OWN IN A FEW MINUTES! KEEP THINKING OF YOUR WIFE!



OH, NO! THEY DO EXIST!

HEH-HEH! I SEE YOU'VE BEEN EXPECTING US! WELL, IT'S A CLEVER TRICK--BUT NOT CLEVER ENOUGH! KILL HIM, SONNY-- TOUCH HIM, AND HE DIES!



BUT--HE
IS NOT--
AFRAID!

MY GOD! WHAT
A CREATURE!
IF THEY ONLY
KNEW HOW
SCARED I
REALLY AM!

BUT HE *IS* AFRAID, SONNY!
HE IS, AND NO HUMAN CROSS
IS STRONG ENOUGH TO
STOP YOU, NOT WHEN I'M
WITH YOU! WE'LL DO WHAT
WE CAME FOR, SONNY--

PLEASE, PLEASE, ALL
YOU POWERS OF DEC-
ENCY IN THE WORLD
--MAKE ME STRONG
ENOUGH TO STARE
HIM DOWN AND SAVE
BETTY!

FORGET
HIM,
SONNY!
LET'S
GET
THE
GIRL!

BUT PERHAPS
THE HUMAN
CROSS IS
NOT THE
ONLY THING
HERE TO
STOP YOU!



THIS, FOR
INSTANCE!

THE BOOK!!
SHE HAS
--THE
--BOOK!

IT'S NOT ENOUGH, OLD
WOMAN! THE BIBLE
IS POWERFUL-- BUT
NOT ENOUGH! COME,
SONNY, DO AS YOUR
MA TELLS YOU--



KILL HER, SONNY! KILL
HER BEFORE THE EYES
OF THIS OTHER-- THAT
WILL MAKE HIM AFRAID!
AND THEN WE'LL HAVE
THEM! *ALL OF THEM!*

LOOK,
MOTHER
JONES!
RUN--!

NO USE RUNNING,
MR. BOB! IT'S
BETTER TO MAKE
THEM RUN,
INSTEAD!



--WITH BLESSED
HOLY WATER?

AGGGHHH





THE END

PRICE SMASH

20 DRESSES

(good)

ASSORTED in Silk, Wool, Cotton & Rayon
ALL SIZES in Good Condition
BUT NO LESS THAN 20 DRESSES
AT THIS BARGAIN PRICE

for
\$350

Ladies' BLOUSES

39c each
5 for \$1.69



Assorted colors and
styles in Silks —
Crepes — Rayons —
Acetates.

Ladies' Winter COATS

\$1.89 each
2 for \$3.59



All sizes with or
without fur collars.
They are in excellent
condition, slight
repairs needed.



Ladies' SHOES

99c pair
3 for \$2.69



Good quality
Leathers and
Fabrics. WILL
GIVE MANY
MONTHS OF
GOOD WEAR.

QUILT PIECES

3 lbs — 99c

Large bundle of
beautiful new cotton
prints, checks,
stripes and solids.
All good size cut-
tings.



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69c each
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Full assortment of
colors and styles. All
Wools, Flairs and
Mixtures.

Ladies' Spring COATS & TOPPERS

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Real Bargains in fine
wool materials. Need
slight repairs. For best
selection order at once.

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5 for \$2.29



Beautiful, well tailored
slips that really give
you value for your
money.

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AT
ONCE**



RUMMAGE SURPRISE
Underwear, Coats, Pajamas,
Bloomers, etc. 20 useful
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With \$5.00 Order or More
1 pair of Ladies' Hosiery
MONEY BACK IF NOT SATISFIED
\$1.00 Deposit MUST come with order. You pay postman
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NO ORDER ACCEPTED FOR LESS THAN \$3.00
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OUR WONDERFUL BARGAINS

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160 MONROE ST.
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Please send following items, \$1.00 deposit enclosed.

ITEM	SIZE	PRICE

☐ Give Hosiery size - if Order is \$5.00 or more. **HC1**

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____

*No Order accepted without required deposit.

COFFIN C O R N E R



Dear Teller:

I like all your stories, but how about more animal stuff? I read your tale awhile ago about the revolt of the animals, and then one called *Tiger In The Night*, and they were swell. How about some stories with the more frightening animals in them, like snakes or crocodiles and that kind?

B. D. O.
Toronto, Canada

There's an animal story in this issue, B. D. O., and I hope you like it. As for the snakes and crocodiles, there are not as many tales as one would imagine about them. But I know a few, and you'll be seeing them soon.

Dear Teller of Tales:

Up to now I've been a fan of yours. Werewolves and vampires I can take, because there's certain evidence that they may exist. But a Tiger Boy—after all! You must know from your mail that your readers are not all kids.

Jack Renze
Forest Hills, N. Y.

One thing I certainly know from the mail is that there exists a wide variety of tastes in subject matter for stories, as the letter preceding this proves, Jack. Sorry you didn't like that story, but remember that any magazine must try to please as many readers as possible.

Dear Teller of Tales:

The last issue of *Horrific* I read was the May one. I liked the stories alright, but I have two complaints. There was no Coffin Corner, and to tell the truth I'm just as interested in what people have to write in about the stories as in the

stories themselves. And it seems to me your Teller Talks feature used to be two pages long and now it's only one. How come?

Carl Herrold
West Virginia

There have been several similar complaints, Carl, so I'll explain. Sometimes the content of the stories themselves calls for longer or shorter page lengths, making it necessary to juggle other features around or leave them out entirely. You'll find the Coffin Corner in most issues, however. And under our new arrangement, many issues will carry two separate one-page Teller Talks; two for the price of one, so to speak, and I hope you'll continue to enjoy them.

Dear Teller of Tales:

When I read your comic book I gain an intimate feeling of being with you in some dark, secluded room, listening to your fascinating and exciting tales.

One question arises in my mind. Do you look as you appear in your book?

"Babe"
Bellmore, N. Y.

Thanks for the wonderful compliment, "Babe". And as for my looks—well, some of my friends insist that the pictures of me in the magazine are far too flattering. But others—my "undercover" friends, I might call them—claim the pictures make me look much too human! However, neither my looks nor I myself count for much. It's the story that's important, and I intend to try to keep it that way. Thank you, "Babe", and all you other letter writers, for your encouraging interest.

"Horrific"-ally yours,
THE TELLER OF TALES



Write to:

TELLER-OF-TALES
Horrific-Harwell Publications, Inc.
500 Fifth Avenue
New York 36, N. Y.



THE WOLF TWINS

NO, DEAR READER, THEY ARE NOT WEREWOLVES, AS **I** AM. THERE ARE THINGS EVEN MORE MYSTIFYING, PERHAPS EVEN MORE **TERRIFYING**-- FOR THEY ARE TWO HUMAN SOULS, DOOMED TO ROAM THE DEEP WOODS FOR ALL ETERNITY IN ANIMAL BODIES, UNLESS... BUT THAT'S GIVING THE STORY AWAY! LET'S START WITH JOE CARTER, A YOUNG MAN WHO LOVED HUNTING...



THE DAY JOE CHOSE A CAMPSITE IN ONE OF THE GREAT NORTHWESTERN FORESTS, JOE'S INDIAN GUIDE VIOLENTLY DISAPPROVED...



I SAY NO, MR. CARTER! IT IS BAD PLACE, THE PLACE OF THE WOLF TWINS!

BALONEY, TOM! SUPERSTITION! I'VE HEARD THIS TALE OF THE WOLF TWINS. WHAT'S SO AWFUL ABOUT TWO WOLVES?

THEY NOT WOLVES, THEY **MEN**! IT IS SAID THAT MANY YEARS AGO THERE LIVED TWIN BRAVES, WHO WERE FOOLS. ONE DAY THEY STEAL THE TRIBE'S SACRED TOTEM, GREAT NUGGET CALLED STAR OF GOLD. THEY RUN, BUT WHOLE TRIBE PURSUE THEM INTO FOREST AND CATCH THEM...

MAKES A NICE STORY, ALL RIGHT!



Reader's Digest PIMPLES

Reports Good News
for all sufferers from

ACNE, TEEN-AGE PIMPLES,
SURFACE SKIN BLEMISHES
and IRRITATIONS!

AMAZING DOUBLE-ACTION SKIN TREATMENT THAT CONCEALS AS IT MEDICATES

Actual clinical tests conducted by leading doctors have proven that an amazing, new-type medication helps clear up acne blemishes while it covers and hides embarrassing pimples! In the many cases tested by the doctors, there were a mixture of men, women and children, White and Negro. Some with recent pimple eruptions and others with acne troubles of many years. The results were:

100% SATISFACTORY
IN CLINICAL TESTS

*45% were COMPLETELY CLEARED!
38% were DECIDEDLY IMPROVED!
17% were IMPROVED!

NOW Same Type Medication Used
in Clinical Tests Reported in
Reader's Digest is Available To You

**GUARANTEED
TO HELP YOUR
SKIN LOOK
LOVELIER AND
MORE ATTRACTIVE
IN A FEW
MINUTES
OR DOUBLE
YOUR MONEY BACK!**

Leading
SKIN
SPECIALISTS
RECOMMEND THIS
DOUBLE TREATMENT



Physicians prescribe two ways to help control skin eruptions: First—clean the skin and clear the pores of clogging dirt. Second—inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin.

The clinically-proven ingredients in the scientifically-tested formula of Scope Products have been compounded to help overcome these external causes of pimples and irritations. Actually, it removes pimples because it helps remove the oils that skin specialists often associate with acne!

**SKIN DOCTORS STATE THAT
TO NEGLECT YOUR SKIN MAY
PROLONG YOUR COMPLEXION
TROUBLE AND MAKE IT
MORE DIFFICULT TO CLEAR UP!**

DELAY MAY BE HARMFUL!
Send for Scope Medication Skin Treatment
with its special "cover-up" outfit!
MAIL COUPON AT ONCE!

DON'T LET UGLY BLACKHEADS BLEMISH YOUR PERSONALITY

If you want help in getting rid of those ugly blackheads, you need SCOPE'S Amazing DOUBLE ACTION Skin Formula. See how fast and easy it aids in clearing the skin of those unsightly blackheads. It lessens those pore-clogging impurities and softens the hard deposits underneath and around the blackhead, making their removal simple and effective. Scope Medication Cream, with its successfully tested ingredients, instantly and completely covers up all skin irritations, leaving your skin clearer, smoother, and more attractive looking.

TEEN-AGERS and GROWN-UPS REGAIN NEW POPULARITY

People of all ages have discovered a new-found joy with a clearer, lovelier looking skin! If you've been hoping to improve your complexion... to increase your popularity with the opposite sex...

HIDES PIMPLES ON LIGHT, AVERAGE & DARK COMPLEXIONS!

To help people of all complexions quickly conceal their externally caused blemishes—Scope Medication Skin Formula comes in special tones. No matter how many other treatments or so-called "cover-up" preparations have disappointed you—here is a

SURE, QUICK RESULTS—WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

Thousands like yourself today enjoy the wonderful skin beauty that would normally be theirs—thanks to Scope. Scope Medication Skin Formula is made in special tones to match your skin—and almost like magic hides those unsightly externally caused blemishes while the medication is acting. Just a few minutes a day may help you toward the complexion that's lovable to kiss and touch!

...to climb to success in the business world—we recommend this amazing treatment. Just a few minutes each day can yield more gratifying results than you ever dreamed possible!

SURE, QUICK RESULTS—WORKS LIKE MAGIC!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!

If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, return the unused portion and we will promptly send you double the purchase price! You have nothing to lose but everything to gain by trying this. WE TAKE ALL THE RISK!

SEND NO MONEY

You fill out the coupon and by return mail we will immediately ship you the Scope Skin Treatment in a plain package. Try Scope Treatment in a plain package. Try Scope Treatment in a plain package. Try Scope Treatment in a plain package. Try Scope Treatment in a plain package. Try Scope Treatment in a plain package.

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SCOPE PRODUCTS CO., Dept. C-3-1 ACT NOW!

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☐ Please send me on a 10-day trial the Scope Medication Skin Treatment. I will pay postman \$1.98 plus postage on delivery. If not entirely satisfied, I may return the unused portion for double my purchase price back.

Check ☐ Light ☐ Medium ☐ Dark Complexion

Name _____

Address _____

City & Zone _____ State _____

☐ SAVE MONEY! Enclose 12 new and we pay postage. Some double your money back either way you order.

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THEY HIDE STAR OF GOLD AND TRIBE NEVER FIND IT. BUT TRIBE KILL TWINS, SCATTER BONES IN FOREST GLADE. MEDICINE MAN, HE SAY SOULS OF TWO BRAVES LIVE FOREVER INSIDE BEASTS OF FOREST, UNTIL ONE DAY MAN OF ANOTHER RACE COME AND GIVE BONES DECENT BURIAL! ONLY THEN WILL SOULS BE FREE TO GO TO HAPPY HUNTING GROUND! BUT IT IS ALSO SAID!!!

WHOA! THAT'S FASCINATING, TOM. BUT NOW HELP ME GET SOME FIREWOOD, WILL YOU, AND...



THEN SUDDENLY!!!

SEE? SEE, THEY COME! THEY COME!!

TOM! YOU GONE CRAZY? COME BACK HERE!!!



NO, NO! I NOT STAY HERE! THEY COME!

TOM, YOU SCREW-BALL! COME BACK, DON'T LEAVE ME TO WALK HOME!!!



WELL, I'LL BE DOGGONED! THERE **ARE** TWIN WOLVES! OF ALL THE!!!



DARNED IF THEY DON'T **ACT** HUMAN, TOO, LIKE **AW**, STOP IT! YOU GOT YOUR RIFLE, AND THEY'RE JUST WOLVES LIKE ANY OTHER WOLVES!



AND SO AN HOUR LATER...

THERE, I'M FED AND THEY HAVEN'T BOTHERED ME AT ALL. JUST CURIOUS, I GUESS, ANYWAY. I NEVER HEARD OF A WOLF YET WHO'D APPROACH A ROARING FIRE UNLESS HE WAS STARVING, AND THEY CERTAINLY AREN'T. JUST KEEP THE FIRE GOING AND...



BUT IT HAD BEEN A LONG DAY, SOON JOE CARTER BEGAN TO DOZE...



HE WAS AWAKENED AS SOMETHING ABRUPTLY KNOCKED HIS RIFLE FROM HIS HANDS...



BUT IT WAS NO DREAM! FOR A LONG MOMENT, THE BEASTS TOWERED OVER JOE CARTER! THEN THEY DROPPED BACK TO ALL FOURS, AND...



AND SO JOE CARTER, ALONE IN THE FOREST WITH TWO HUGE WOLVES, BEGAN TO DIG WITH HIS BARE HANDS. HE DUG AND DUG...



AND AT LAST!!



SO JOE CARTER DUG ON, UNEARTHING FIND AFTER GRISLY FIND--



AND FINALLY--



AND AN HOUR LATER...



AND THEN IT WAS DONE, AND JOE CARTER
STOOD TREMBLING IN THE NIGHT...

WILL THEY? WILL THEY
BE SATISFIED NOW, OR...



NO! LET GO OF ME, YOU
WOLF-DEVIL! I DID WHAT
YOU WANTED, DIDN'T I!



THERE'S SOMETHING IN THAT HOLE
IN THE ROCK... SOMETHING THEY
WANT ME TO GET! WELL, AFTER ALL
I'VE BEEN THROUGH, WHAT CAN I
LOSE?

ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, I'LL GET IT, EVEN
IF THERE'S A RATTLER IN THERE!
HERE GOES!



HMMMM! SOMETHING
BIG AND ROUND LIKE
A ROCK OF SOME KIND...



I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I SEE
YOU'RE NOT TRYING TO HURT ME
AFTER ALL, BUT WHY ARE YOU?
WHAT DO YOU--?



CAN'T SEE WHAT IT IS.
MAYBE IN THE NEXT FLASH
OF LIGHTNING--OH-OH!





BRRRR!--THAT'S THE SCARIEST WOLF HOWL I **EVER** HEARD! WHAT ARE THEY UP TO NOW?

AND AT THAT MOMENT...



OHHHHNN...

BUT JUST BEFORE JOE CARTER LOST CONSCIOUSNESS, NUMBED BY THE GREAT SHOCK OF THE FIERCE LIGHTNING BOLT, HE THOUGHT HE SAW...



--INDIAN BRAVES--RISING FROM THE BODIES OF--BUT IT-- CAN'T BE-- OOOOOHH...

SOME TIME LATER, THE FALLING RAIN WOKE JOE CARTER, AND...



ALL THAT NONSENSE MUST HAVE BEEN A BAD DREAM, JUST A CRAZY --BUT-- BUT THERE'S THE GRAVE! AND --THE BODIES OF TWO HUGE, DEAD WOLVES!



AND HERE IN MY HAND---! IT MUST HAVE BEEN ALL TRUE, BECAUSE I'M HOLDING WHAT CAN ONLY BE...



...THE GREAT NUGGET CALLED THE STAR OF GOLD!

WHAT A PITY JOE CARTER, IF YOU HADN'T INTERRUPTED TOM WHEN HE WAS TELLING YOU THE LEGEND OF THE WOLF TWINS, YOU'D HAVE KNOWN THAT YOU IN TURN WOULD HAVE BECOME A WOLF FOR TIME ETERNAL!



A question much discussed these days is this: is the human mind actually strong enough not only to sicken or injure the body containing it, but to actually bring death to that body through the power of thought alone?

Many people, including some psychological researchers, believe so. They point to such things as Devil Dolls, suicides by people whose minds contain the so-called "subconscious death-wish," and even injuries to vital organs which seem to have no external explanations. They believe that if a man is convinced strongly enough that he will die of, say, strangulation, that he will do so. Others scoff at modern theories, and blame such things on ghosts, spells, and other supernatural phenomena. However, it brings to mind a certain famous story, which defenders of both theories have used to prove their points.

It seems that some years ago in England, a certain very rich man met a young chorus girl, and determined to have her for his own, despite the fact that he was married and the father of grown children. And he succeeded, mainly through the device of giving the girl fabulous presents, the most astounding of which was a necklace of solid gold, giant beads, worth a fortune.

However, the man soon tired of the girl, and desired new conquests. But he feared she might inform his wife, or make trouble in some way, and so, as was later learned, he hired two assassins to murder her. They did so, and escaped. The rich man was suspected, through knowledge of his association with the girl, but nothing could be proved and he was never even arrested.

Soon afterwards, however, this man began to act very strangely. His wife and children heard him mutter and moan in his sleep, and he would suddenly leap from his bed, an expression of horror on his face, mumbling something about being choked, but not while he was awake.

In a little while, he had taken to staying up

all night, sitting in a chair before the fire. But even so, he would occasionally drop off to sleep, and wake with a start, clutching at his throat and sobbing in terror.

A doctor was called. The man at first refused to let the doctor examine him, but then finally allowed it sullenly, though refusing to say anything more than that something was trying to choke him. Upon looking at the man's throat, the doctor did find a ring of red discoloration, but put it down to the fellow's own constant clutching at his throat.

At last, one day in the garden, in broad daylight, it all came to a head. The man's wife, son and young daughter were present. The man, sitting on a chaise longue, suddenly pointed to the ground at his feet, staring and crying, "Here it comes! It's after me again!" He shrank back in the chair, apparently too paralyzed by fright to move. The son immediately ran for the doctor, and the wife and young daughter tried to calm the father.

But as they approached the chair in which he sat, the man suddenly screamed out the name of the young woman who had been murdered, clutching at his throat. "Alright, alright," he cried. "I hired them to murder you! I admit it! Now take them away! Take the beads away!" And before the two women could reach him, he threw himself on the ground in insane convulsions, obviously strangling.


The wife and the slim young girl ran to his aid, but their strength was not enough to overcome his wild thrashings. Try as they might, they could not help him, for every time they came near him they were knocked to the ground. And suddenly a terrible gurgling sound issued from his lips, and he lay still.

Then the doctor arrived a few minutes later, he pronounced the man dead. And after the two weeping women had told their story of what the dead man had said and done, the doctor silently drew the son close to his father's body, and pointed at the throat of the corpse.

There, circling the throat, was a line of deep, angry purple marks, as if a heavy string of beads had been looped around the man's neck, and then twisted and twisted until they had sunk far into the soft flesh and choked out his life!

Some people say that the ghost of the poor betrayed, murdered girl had found its revenge. And others claim that the man had become obsessed with the idea that the beads, symbol of his sins, would kill him, and that he believed it so thoroughly that his mind forced his body to achieve the death he feared!

Still others say that at any rate, he only got what he deserved. But—what do you think?



WHAT HAVE WE HERE? AH, THE INGREDIENTS FOR A CHILLING TALE. INDEED! WE HAVE A GREAT BALLET DANCER BREAKING IN A NEW, YOUNG AND VERY BEAUTIFUL PARTNER--WHILE IN THE BACK OF HIS MIND LIVES THE DANCING WIFE WHO DIED YEARS BEFORE, AND IN HIS EARS POUNDS THE DEAD WOMAN'S SPECIAL MUSIC!!!

AH, THE BEAUTIFUL, EERIE DANCE OF DEATH! HOW THRILLING TO SEE IGOR DO IT AGAIN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS!

DANCE of DEATH

THIS GIRL ELLEN, HIS NEW PARTNER, IS CERTAINLY LOVELY, AND SO TALENTED THAT IT'S EASY TO SEE WHY IGOR BROKE HIS VOW NEVER TO HAVE A PARTNER AFTER THE DEATH OF HIS BEAUTIFUL SONIA. YOU WERE THERE WHEN SHE DIED, I UNDERSTAND?

I WAS THERE. I'LL NEVER FORGET IT!!

THEY WERE REHEARSING THIS VERY NUMBER THAT NIGHT, WHEN SONIA BEGAN TO WHIRL TOWARD THE SPOTLIGHTS, FASTER AND FASTER AS THOUGH POSSESSED

SLOWER, SONIA! BE CAREFUL, DARLING!!

HAMMON

UNTIL SHE FELL FROM THE FRONT OF THE STAGE TO THE PIT, AND DIED INSTANTLY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, IGOR STOOD ALONE, LISTENING TO THE THUNDEROUS MUSIC...

WHAT IS IT ABOUT THIS DANCE OF DEATH? WHY DID IT AFFECT ELLEN THE WAY IT DID SONIA? PERHAPS I SHOULD FORGET IT, DESTROY THE ONE AND ONLY COPY OF IT AND THIS ONE REMAINING RECORD, BEFORE SOMETHING TERRIBLE HAPPENS!





SONIA! BUT... IT CAN'T BE... YOU'RE DEAD... YEARS NOW!!!

YES, IGOR, I AM DEAD, BUT I HEARD MY MUSIC, AND I CAME BACK! WHAT OF YOUR PROMISE, IGOR??

YOU PROMISED NEVER TO DANCE WITH OR TO LOVE ANOTHER, AND YOU SAID THE DANCE OF DEATH WAS MINE ALONE! YOU WROTE IT ONLY FOR ME, IGOR, BECAUSE YOU LOVED ME! WHY DO YOU SHRINK FROM ME, IGOR? DO YOU NO LONGER LOVE YOUR SONIA?

OF COURSE I... I MEAN, I DID LOVE YOU, MORE THAN ANY WOMAN, BUT **NOW!** NOW YOU'RE DEAD, SONIA!



YES, BUT I CAN STILL DANCE, IGOR! COME!

NO, SONIA! I DON'T WANT TO!!!



YOU MUST, IGOR! YOU CAN'T HELP YOURSELF! THE MUSIC FORCES YOU TO DANCE... I FORCE YOU! DANCE, IGOR!!!

DANCE LIKE YOU NEVER DANCED BEFORE!!

SONIA! SONIA, THIS PACE... I CAN'T KEEP IT UP!!!



AND SO THE MINUTES PASSED, AND THE TERRIBLE, DEADLY MUSIC WENT ON! BUT AT LAST ELLEN, IN THE NEXT ROOM, WAS AWAKENED BY THE MUSIC, AND...

I DON'T UNDERSTAND! I CAN'T BE TRUE... AND YET IT IS! BUT I KNOW ONE THING! I LOVE IGOR, AND I MUST HELP HIM!!!



--FOR NO MAN CAN DANCE
LIKE THAT AND GO ON
LIVING!

PLEASE, SONIA!
YOU'RE KILLING
ME!

OF COURSE,
DARLING, THEN
WE SHALL DANCE
TOGETHER FOR
ALL ETERNITY!

THE RECORD! HE TOLD ME
IT WAS THE ONLY ONE! IF I
SMASH IT THEY'LL HAVE
TO STOP!

WHAT--? OH, SO
THIS IS THE NEW
PARTNER, IS IT?
LET THAT RECORD
ALONE!

ELLEN! DON'T GET
MIXED UP IN THIS!
SHE'LL DO SOMETHING
TERRIBLE TO YOU!



THERE! IT'S GONE!
NOW GO BACK TO THE
GRAVE WHERE YOU
BELONG, SONIA!

HA, HA! POOR LITTLE
FOOL! DON'T YOU
KNOW, LITTLE IDIOT?



THAT THERE IS A **PIANO**
SCORE TO THE DANCE OF
DEATH? HERE IT IS--AND
HERE I AM TO PLAY IT!

DON'T, SONIA, DON'T!
THE MUSIC IS DRIVING
ME MAD! I--I
CAN'T DANCE ANY-
MORE!





INTO THE
FIRE!



NO, IGOR, NO, NO, NO!
DO NOT DESTROY THE
MUSIC, FOR YOU
DESTROY ME TOO!

I'M SORRY, SONIA!
I DID LOVE YOU ONCE.
BUT NOW YOU BELONG
--WITH THE DEAD!



SAVE ME, IGOR! JUST TOUCH MY
HAND! IF YOU LET ME GO, I'LL NEVER
BE ABLE TO RETURN TO YOU AGAIN!
PLEASE IGOR PLEASE!

GOODBYE, SONIA. GOD
HAVE MERCY ON YOU!



SHE'S GONE,
ELLEN GONE
FOREVER FROM
THE WORLD!

OH,
IGOR...

IT WAS
SO TERRIFY-
ING, DARLING!
I THOUGHT
I WAS GOING
TO LOSE
YOU!

NO, ELLEN, ON THE
CONTRARY--WE'VE
FOUND EACH OTHER!
YOU'LL BE MY PART-
NER AND MY LOVE
FROM NOW ON, AND
WE'LL DANCE EVERY
BALLET THAT WAS
EVER WRITTEN



BUT NEITHER WE NOR ANYONE ELSE
WILL EVER AGAIN DO THE TERRIBLE
DANCE OF DEATH, THANK HEAVEN!

THE END

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E. K., Cleveland, Ohio
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C. La M., Philadelphia, Pa.

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R. W. C., Cicero, Ill.
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J. M. K., Columbus, Ohio

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